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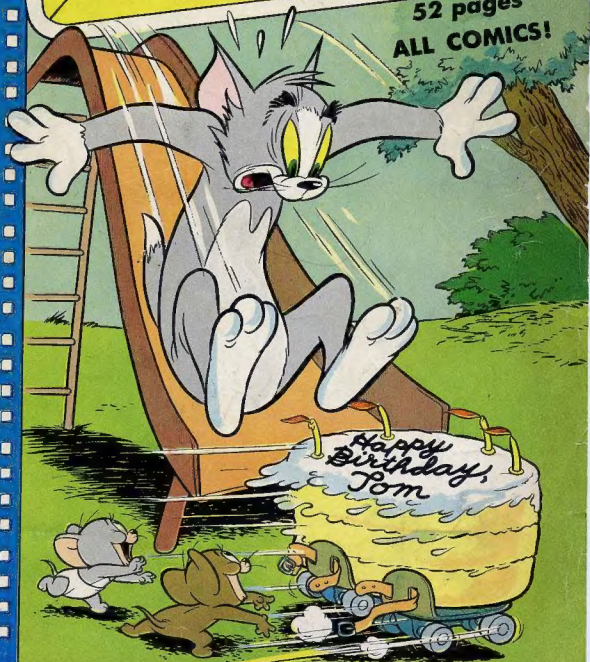


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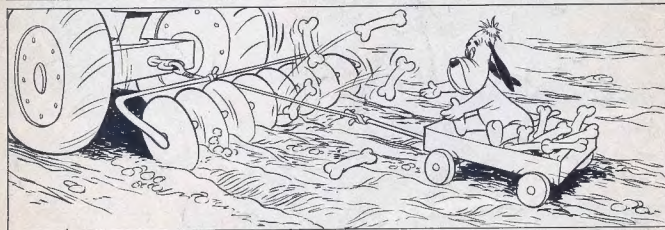
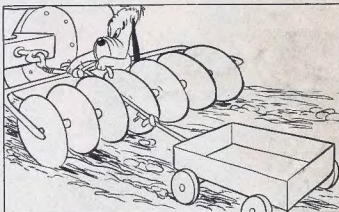
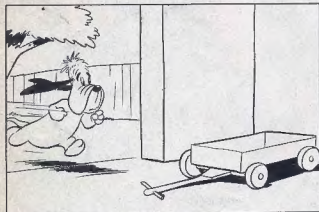
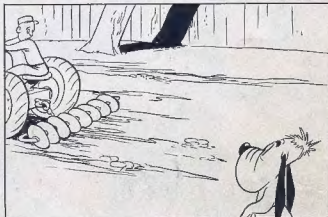
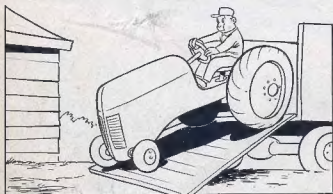
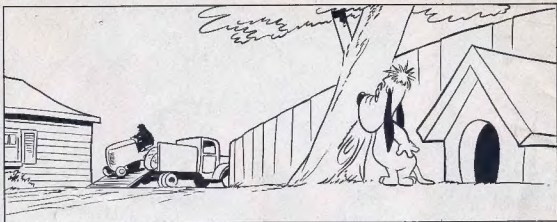


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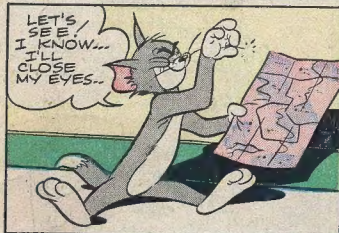
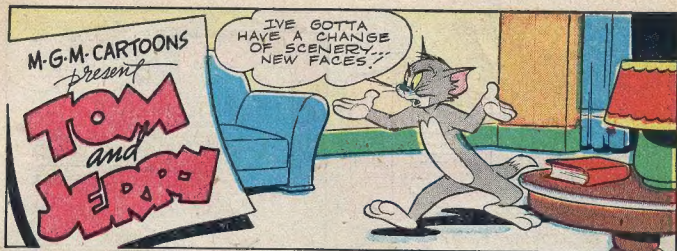
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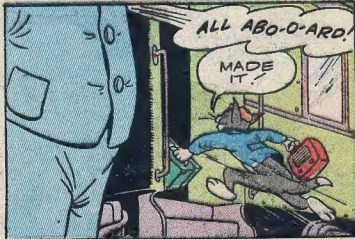
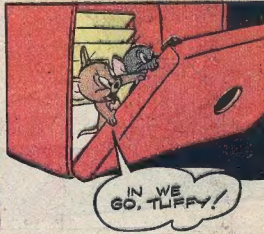
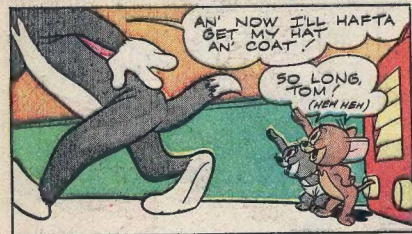
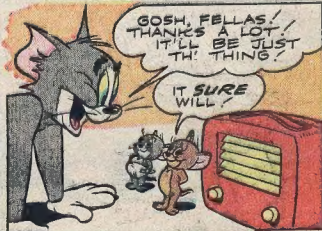
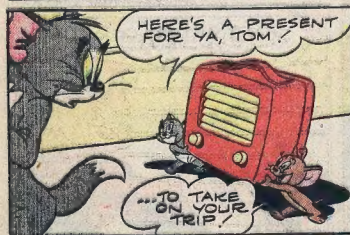
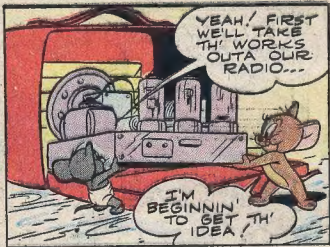
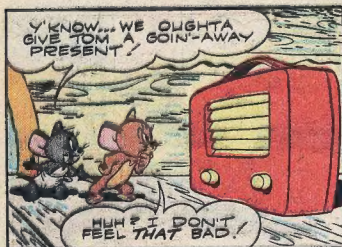


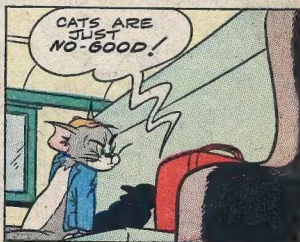
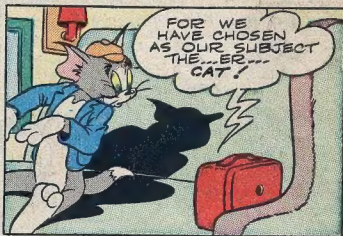
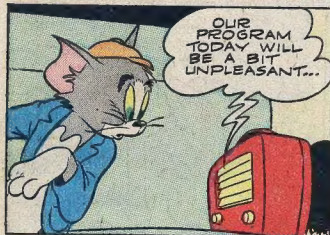
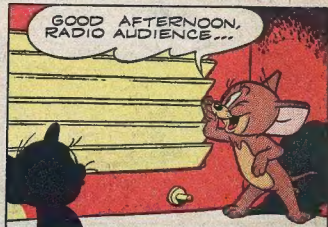
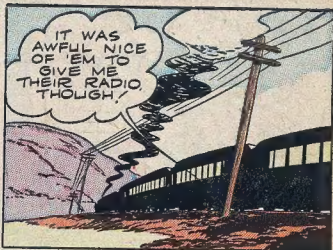
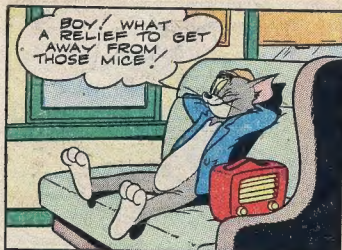
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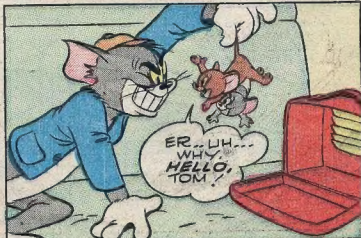
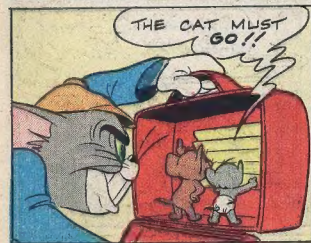
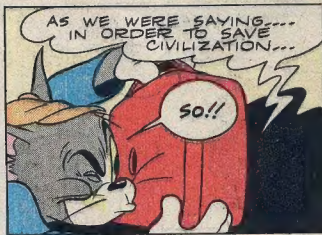
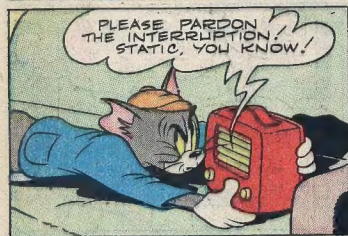
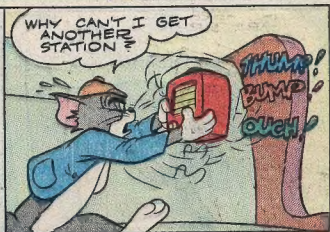
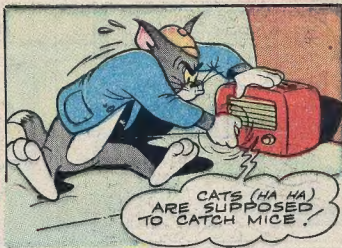
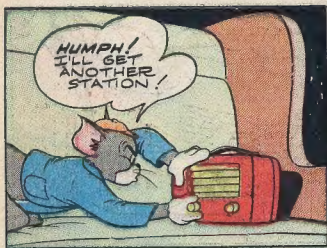


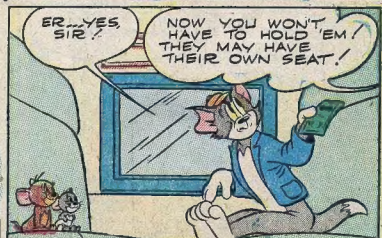
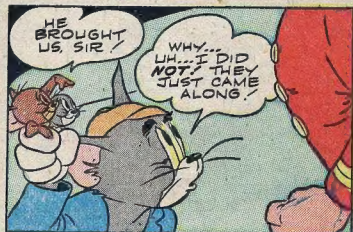
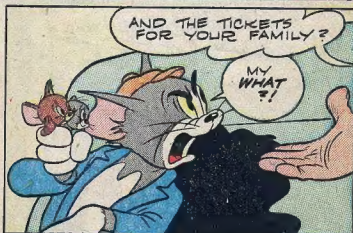
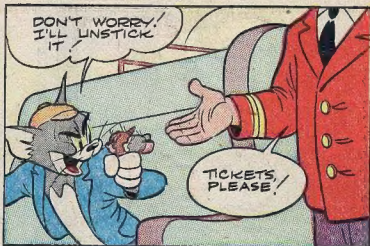
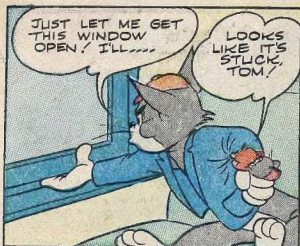
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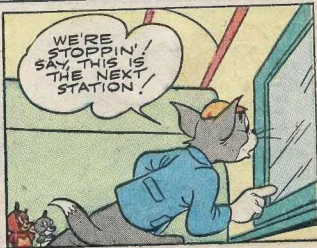
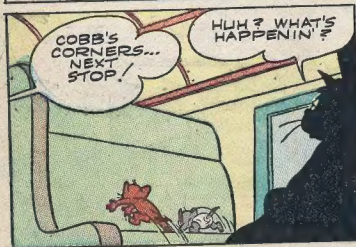
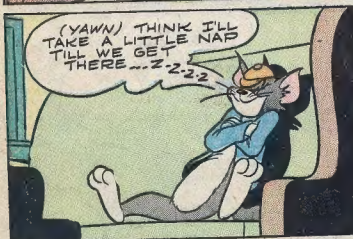
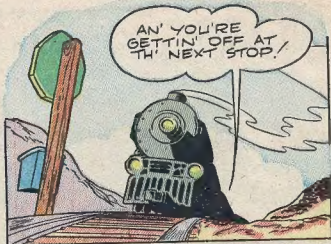
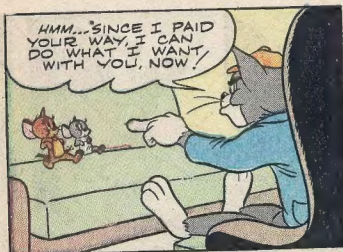


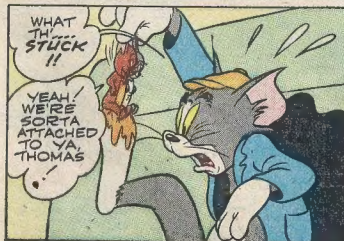
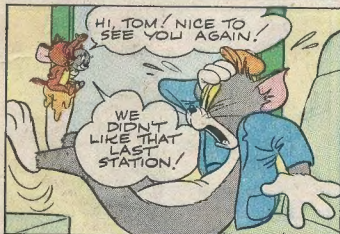
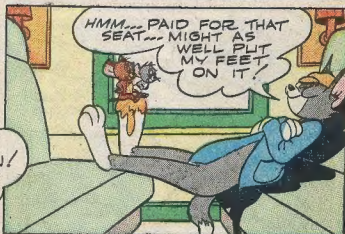
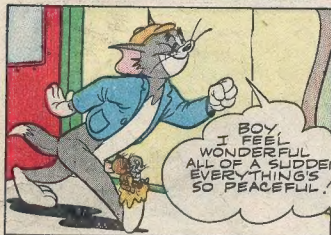
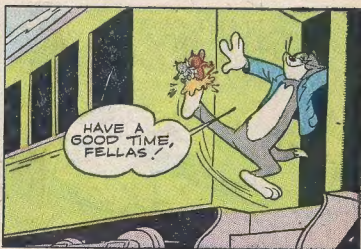
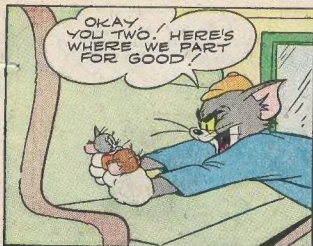


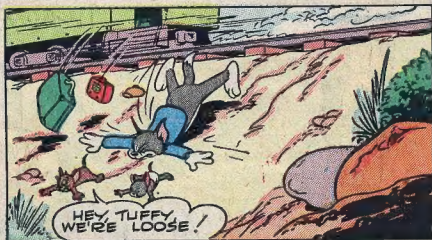
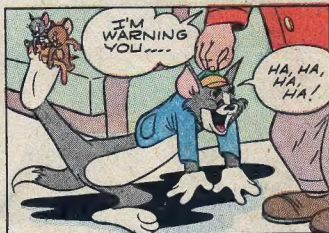
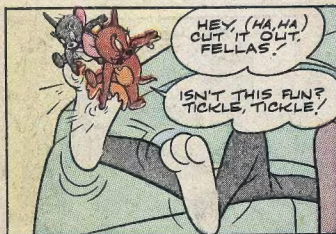


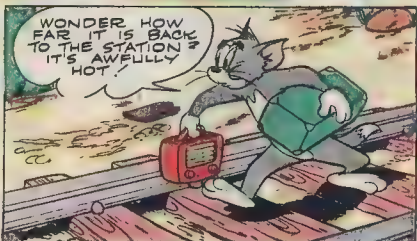
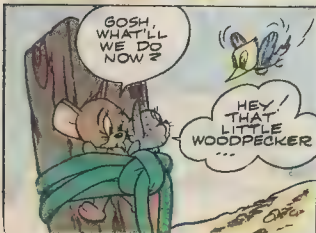
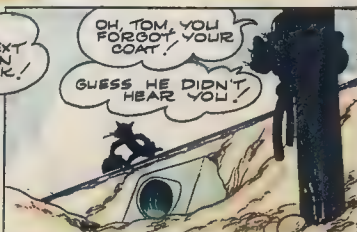
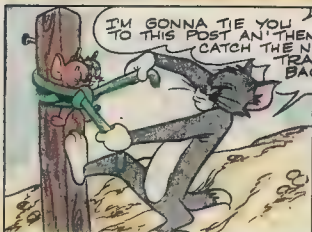
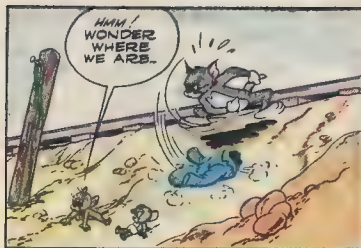


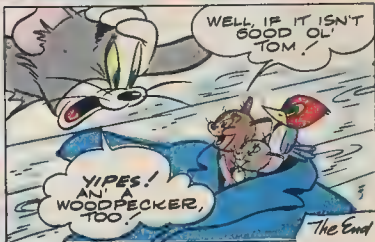
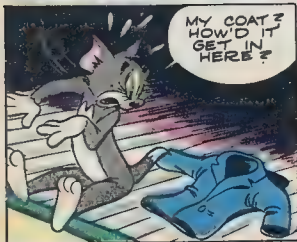
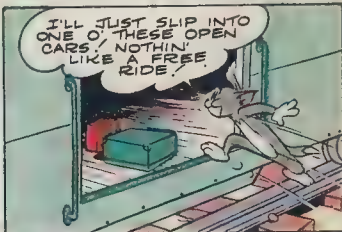
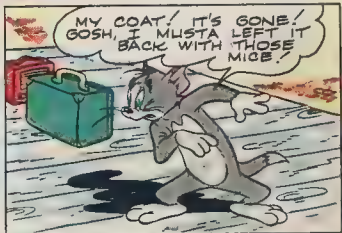
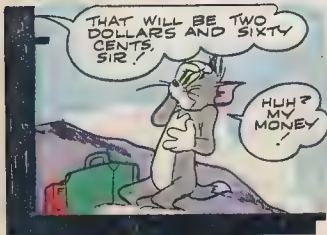
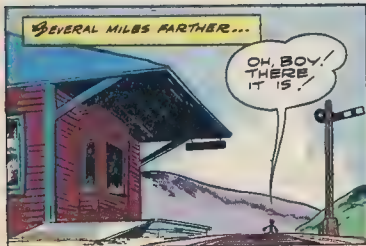


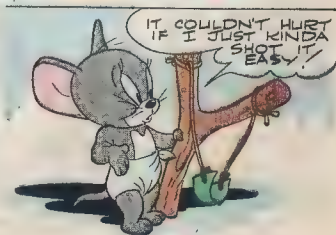
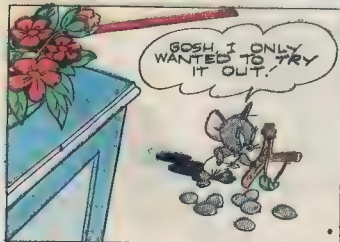
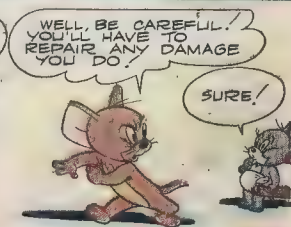
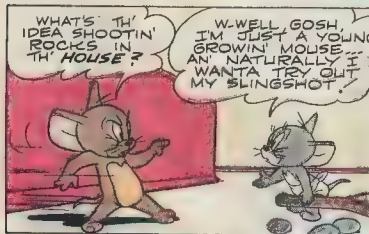
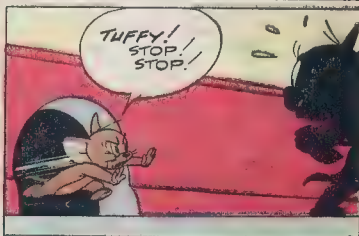
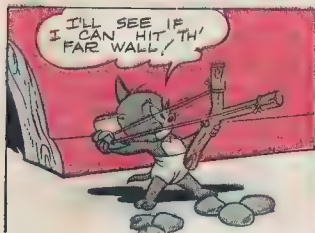
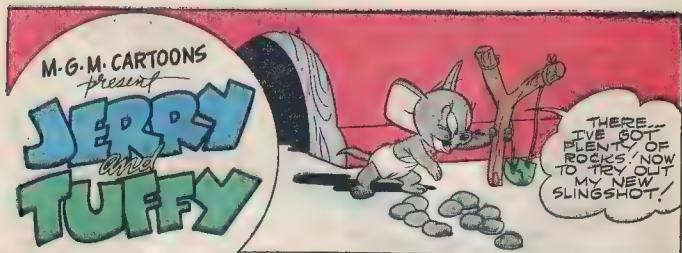


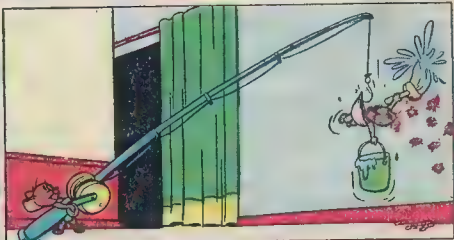
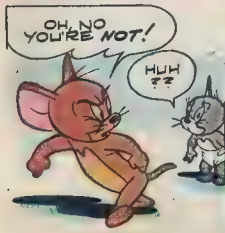
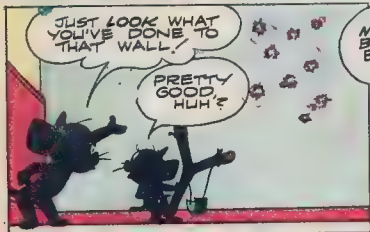
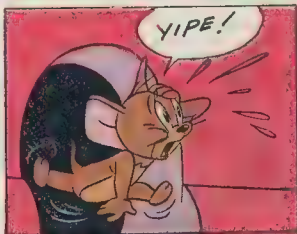
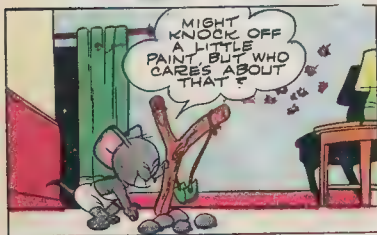
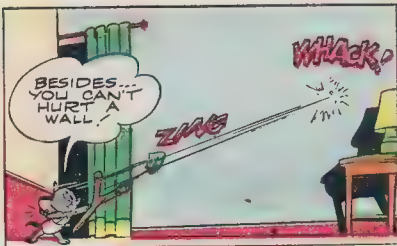


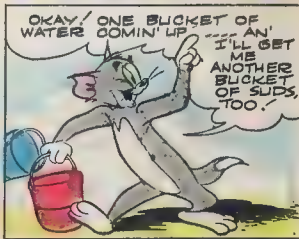
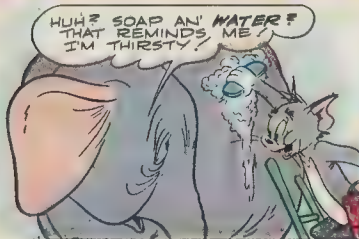
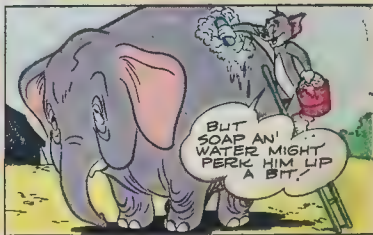
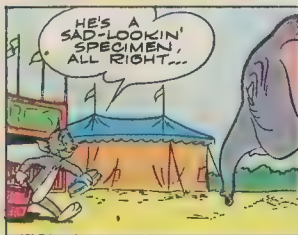
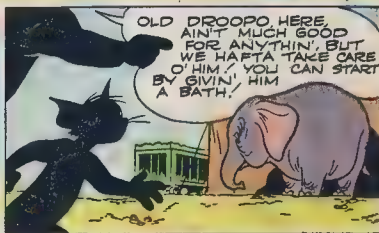
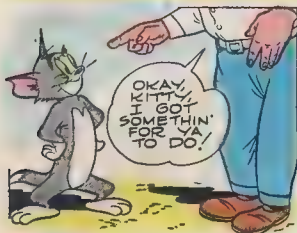
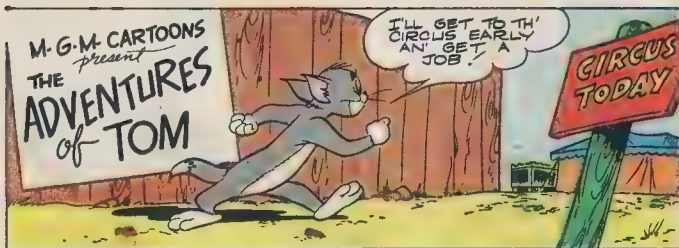


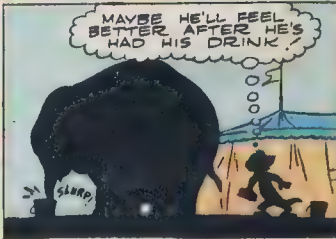
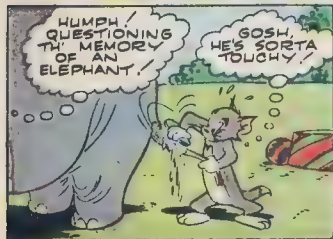
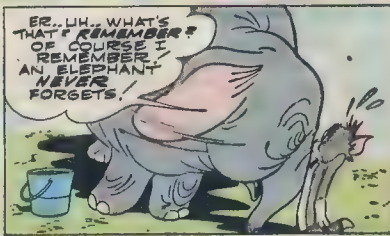
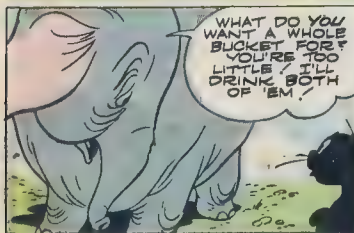
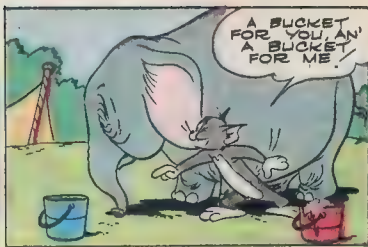


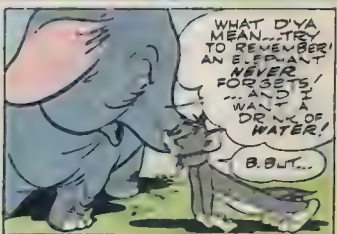
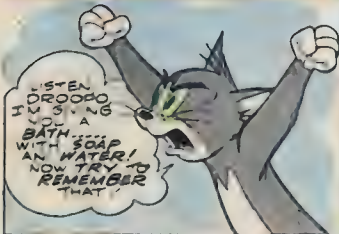
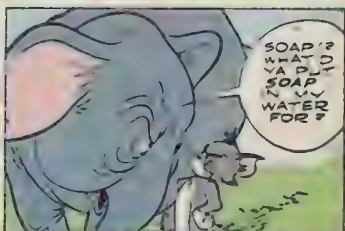
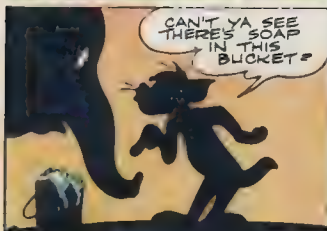
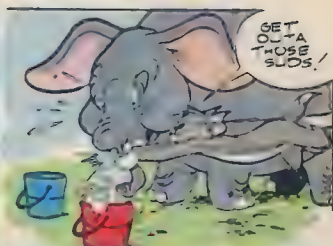
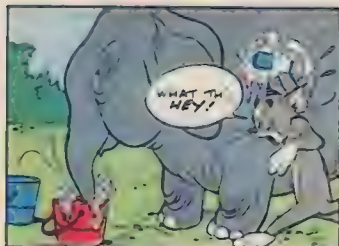


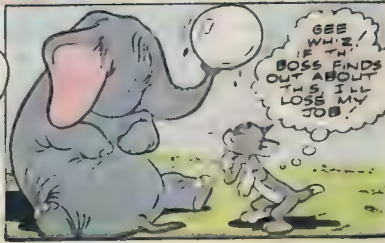
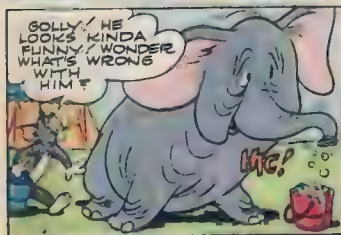
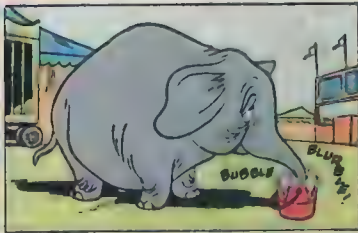
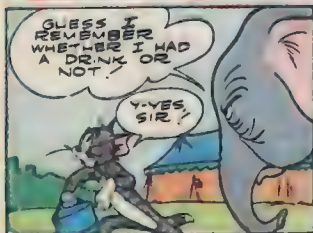
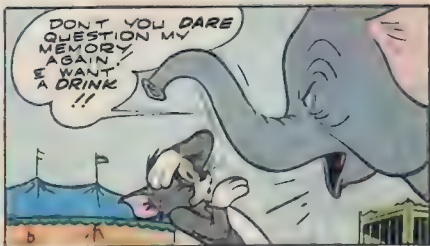


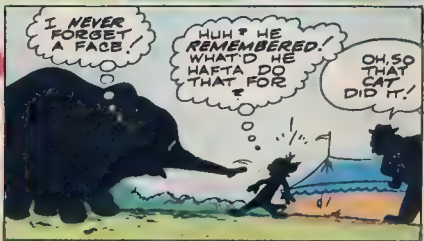
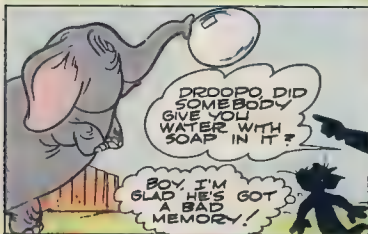
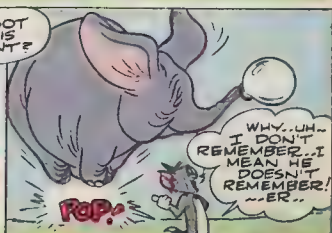
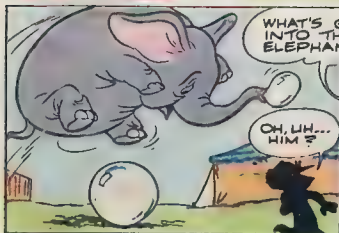
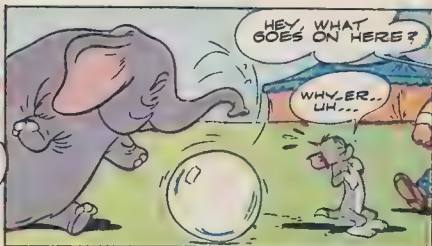


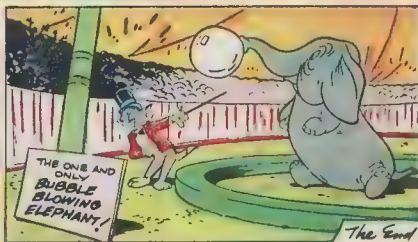
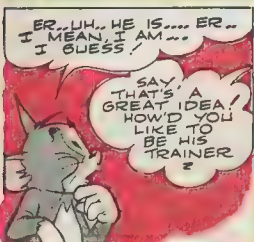
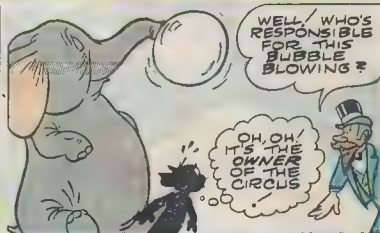
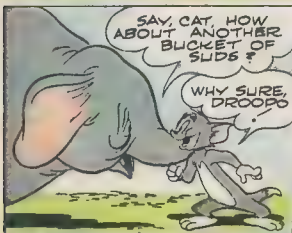
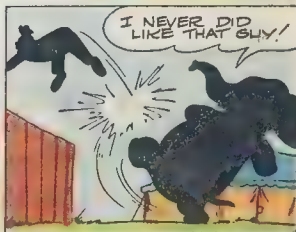
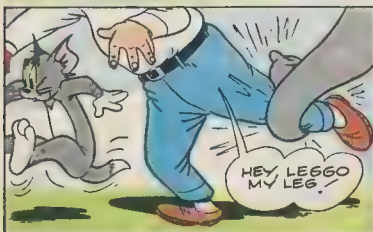
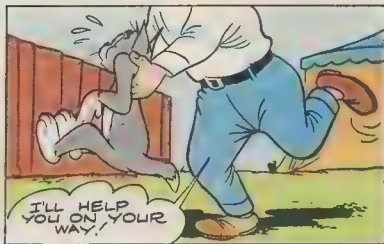
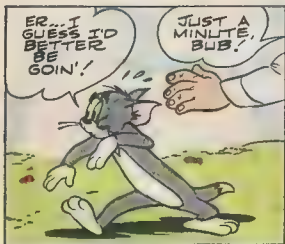


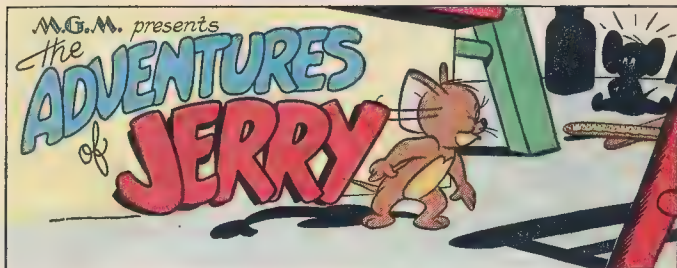












Jerry paused uncertainly on the landing at the top of the cellar stairs and listened to the odd scraping noises coming from below. His roommate, Tuffy, had been gone for more than an hour and the worried little mouse was sure he had heard Tuffy say he would be in the cellar.

"That's an odd kind of a sound for Tuffy to be making!" thought Jerry, trying to peer into the dusky confines at the foot of the stairs.

Very cautiously, he started down the steps. The noise got louder with each hop. Finally, he was on the bottom step. SCRAPE! SCRAPE! SCRAPE! SCRAPE! Jerry quivered from the end of his tail to his little round ears. What an unnerving noise!

Then he noticed a peculiar odor. Jerry wrinkled his nose. "That's funny," he observed, right out loud, "it smells like nail polish!"

"It IS nail polish!" squeaked a voice.

Jerry jumped out from behind the railing post where he had been hiding, for the voice belonged to his missing pal, Tuffy!

In the last fading light of afternoon which managed to find its way into the cellar, Jerry could discern Tuffy seated on the floor amid an odd assortment of objects. "Whatever are you doing?" squeaked Jerry, as he spied the open bottle of nail lacquer, the long emery board used for filing nails, and four

well-sanded ice-cream sticks.

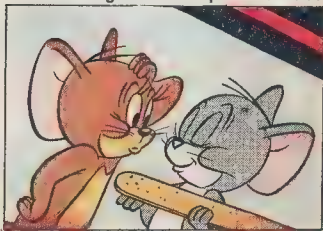
"I'm going in for Winter sports!" answered Tuffy.

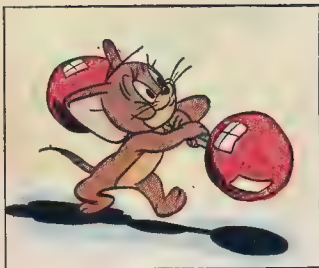
"Well!" muttered the bewildered Jerry. "There's nothing like a dashing manicure to keep one in trim."

Tuffy laughed. "Don't be silly, Jerry! I'm not playing 'beauty parlor'! All this stuff you see is being used to make a couple of pairs of skis. We've got to get out in the great outdoors more, Jerry! You and I are too civilized, too soft! Why, our ancestors didn't have a nice steam-heated apartment, plenty of food and soft beds! They were real he-mice, strong and rugged!"

"They might have been stronger and more rugged," admitted Jerry, "but I never heard of any of MY great-grandfathers going skiing! Why don't you stick to something warm and simple . . . like setting-up exercises? All you need for that is a couple of dumbbells . . ."

Tuffy threw a glance at his pal. "That's no good!" he squeaked. "I've





got YOU, but what will I do for another one?" Then, Tuffy picked up the emery board and began sanding the popsicle sticks again.

"There's no sense talking to him when he's got his mind made up," observed Jerry to himself, ignoring Tuffy's last remark. "Maybe if I make him a couple of dumbbells out of some lollipops I've been saving, he'll be willing to try getting muscle-bound inside, instead of snowbound outside!"

Jerry scampered away, while Tuffy continued working on the skis. In a dark corner of one of the kitchen cabinets, Jerry located a bunch of gaily-wrapped lollipops held together with a rubber band. He selected two bright red ones and placing the sticks side by side so that the hard, round candy tops were at either end, he bound them tightly with the rubber band. Jerry took the paper off so that if he and Tuffy got tired doing weight-lifting exercises, they could refresh themselves with a taste of the candy.

Back in the cellar, Tuffy had finished the skis. They had been painted with the nail polish and were now smooth and shiny. When he looked up and noticed what Jerry was carrying, he chirped, "Oh Boy! . . . Let's eat those right away! I'm really hungry!"

Jerry tried to explain that the candy was supposed to be used for exercises, but Tuffy was too famished to listen and started licking one of the loli-

pops.

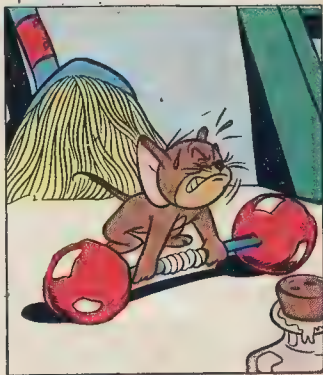
"Well," thought Jerry, "I might as well have a taste too!" And, he began on the other one.

When they had had enough of the sticky confection, Tuffy went over and looked at the skis. The nail polish had dried, and now all that was needed was some string to hold the skis on to their feet. "O. K., Jerry!" piped Tuffy. "Get me some string and then we'll try out these things in the back yard! There's a nice snow hill covering the hatchway to the cellar."

"I'll get you the string," answered Jerry, "but count me out on the skiing! Just thinking about your doing it, gives me 'cold feet' . . . and that's as close to being frostbitten as I intend to get!"

Jerry went to get the string, and Tuffy decided to have one more taste of the lollipop. He went over to pick up the pops, but the candy parts were now stuck tight to the floor.

"Ohhhh!" grunted Tuffy, as he tried to lift the sugary dumbbell from the floor. "I never realized how strong Jerry was! Why, this thing weighs a ton! If he can lift this, there must be something to all his talk about setting-up exercises!"



Tuffy tugged and heaved at the stuck lollipops... PLUPP!!! The candy came loose so suddenly that Tuffy somersaulted backwards... and landed in an old mop that was used to clean the laundry room!

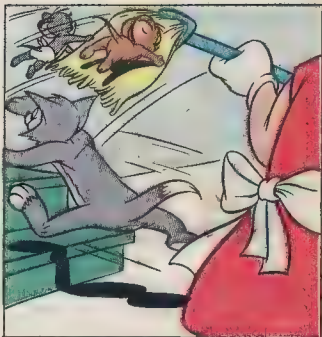
"Ho! Ho! Hee! Hee!" chortled Jerry, as he came down the cellar steps and saw poor Tuffy all tangled up in the stringy mop.

The threads had gotten full of sticky candy and were all in a knotty mess. The more Tuffy struggled, the more involved he got. When Jerry saw what a time his chum was having, he ran over to try to help him out. It was no use! Jerry just couldn't pull him free.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Jerry, as he heard a familiar padded step on the stairs. "It's Tom! What'll I do?!? I can't let that cat mop the floor with Tuffy!"

Jerry crawled onto the mop and sat close to his pal. "Don't worry, Tuff!" he whispered, consolingly. "Tom will never think of looking for us here! I hope! ! !"

The two little mice watched wide-eyed as Tom sauntered slowly by them and into the laundry room. Then, everything was very quiet. Jerry started again



to try to pull Tuffy loose, but before he had a chance to get anywhere, there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs!

"Gosh!" sighed Tuffy. "It's 'Cook'! What if she is going to use the mop! I'll be drowned!"

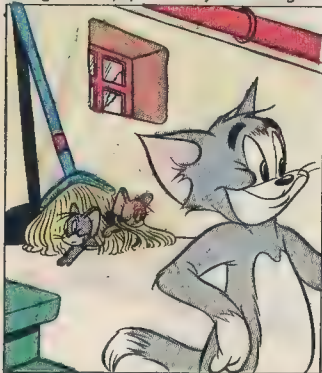
The plump cook walked right past the mop, and Jerry and Tuffy breathed more easily. Then a loud yell rent the air! ! "Ohhh!!! Tom, you lazy cat! Sleepin' in my clean dish towels! Scat! Get out of that basket!"

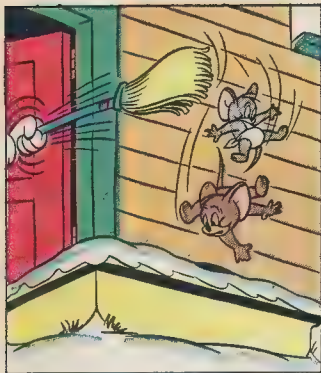
And cook ran into the room where Jerry and Tuffy were! She grabbed up the mop and brandishing it threateningly, ran after Tom who had slipped past her and was bounding up the stairs!

Cook ran through the kitchen in her angry chase after Tom. Suddenly, there was a blast of cold air as she banged open the back door and shook the mop vigorously at the rapidly departing cat. "Brrrrr!!!" chattered Jerry and Tuffy, as they were shaken loose from the mop and tossed through the winter cold.

"You and your great indoor exercises!" grumbled Tuffy, picking himself off the top of a mound of loose snow.

"Me??!! . . . Weren't YOU the one





who was getting all set to be a skier?" retorted Jerry.

"That's different!" Tuffy muttered through chattering teeth. "We would have been at least properly dressed!"

The little mice made their way through the deep snow back to the house. There was a small hole in one of the cellar windows and they slipped through it. Tuffy noticed that Jerry was carrying a handful of snow. "What are you going to do with that?" he inquired.

Jerry laughed. "I don't like snow on the outside, Tuffy, but it sure is scrumptious inside! Wait till you taste this with a little brown sugar!"

"Sounds just fine!" commented Tuffy enthusiastically. "How about fixing it up . . . and I'll finish these skis."

"What!?" squeaked Jerry. "You don't mean to say that after almost freezing out there, you still want to go skiing?!"

"Yup!!" answered the undaunted Tuffy. "And what's more, I'll bet you my share of snow pudding that you'll want to try it, too!"

Jerry went off after the brown sugar.

A couple of minutes later, Jerry hurried back down the cellar steps . . . but

Tuffy and the skis had disappeared!

Then, Jerry heard a joyful "Wheeee!"

He ran into the laundry room. There, in the middle of the floor, was a large empty soap box, and next to it was a sloping white hill of powdered soap. At the bottom of the hill, Tuffy was picking himself up and untangling his skid-laced feet.

Tuffy then clumped over to Jerry. "Jerry!" he cried. "Get your skis tied on! This is more fun!"

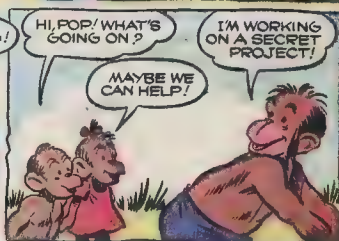
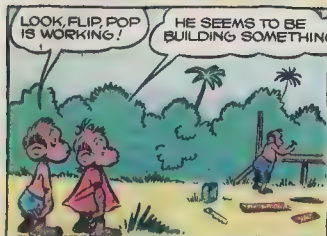
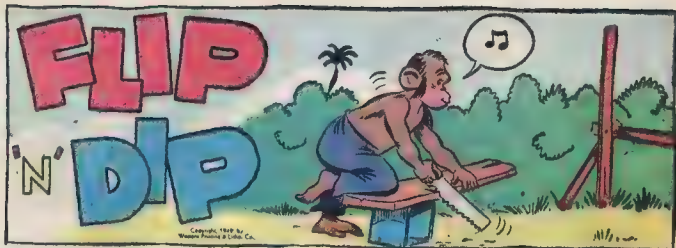
"O.K.!" laughed Jerry. "Only let's wait till after we eat the snow pudding . . . I had a feeling you were going to soft-soap me out of winning that bet!"

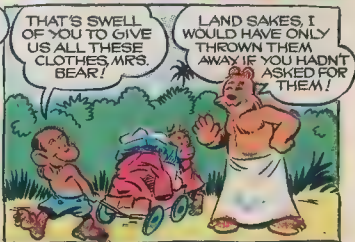
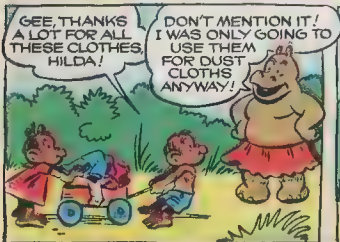
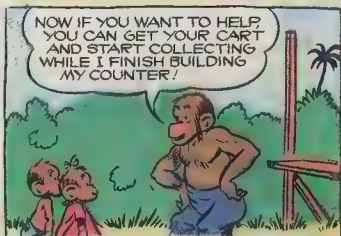
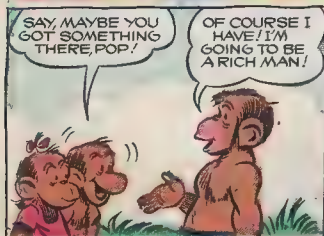
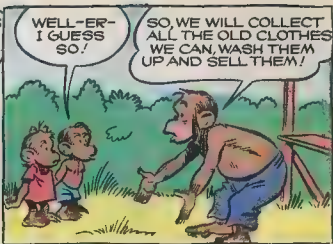
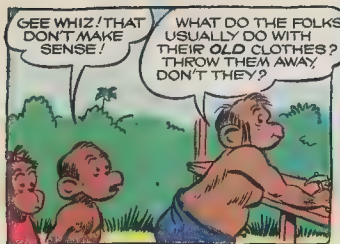
After they had gobbled up the frosty sweet, Jerry and Tuffy put on their skis and climbed to the top of the small soap mountain. Down they slid . . . laughing and breathless!

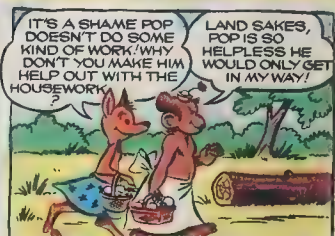
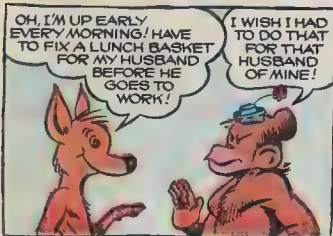
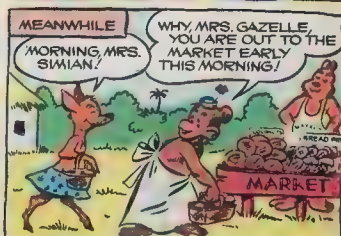
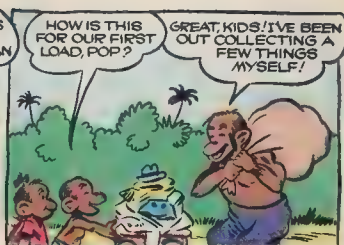
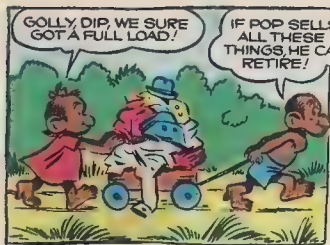
"What did I tell you!" cried Tuffy triumphantly. "Aren't these Winter sports great?!!!"

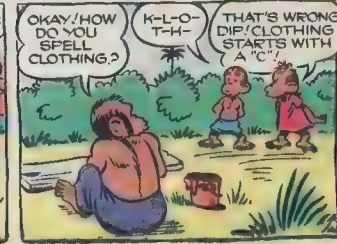
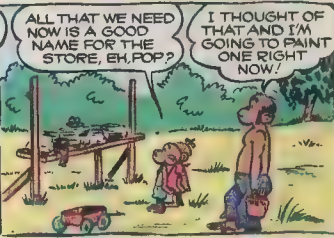
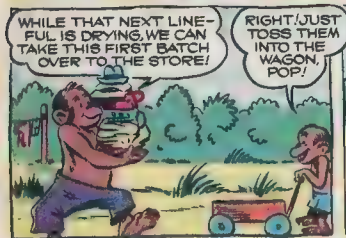
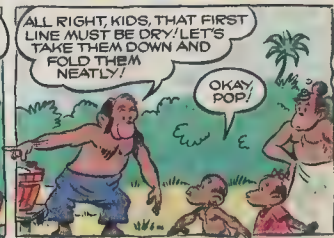
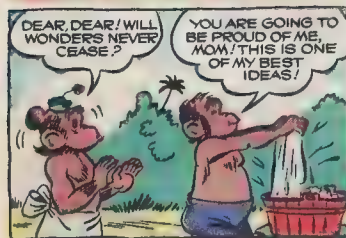
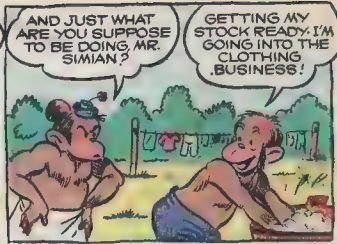
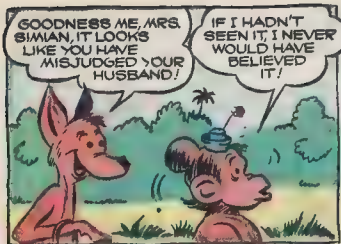
"You bet your life!" agreed Jerry. "And there's nothing healthier than this cold, invigorating Winter air . . . when it's brought into a nice heated cellar . . . and properly warmed up!!"

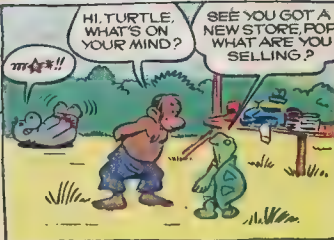
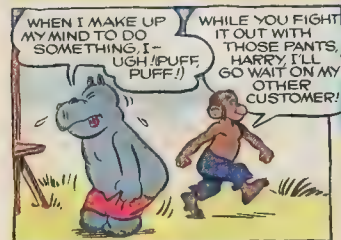
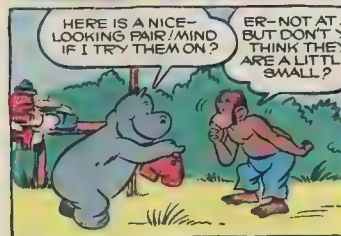
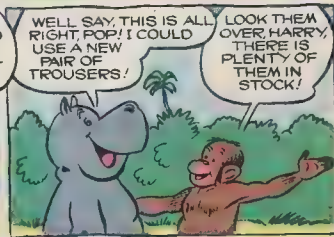
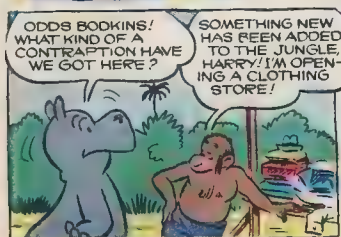
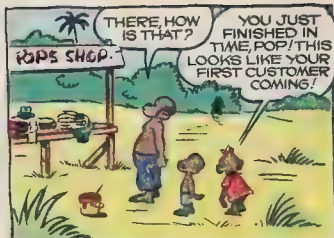
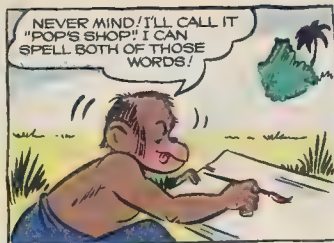


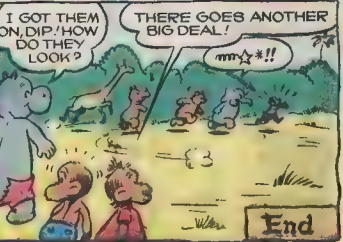
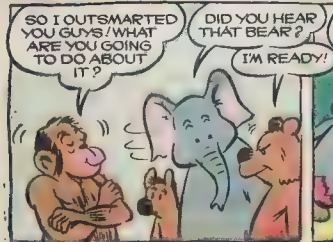
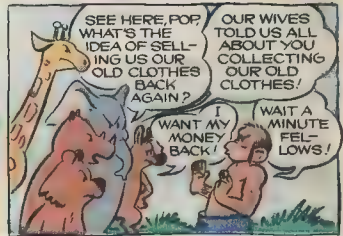
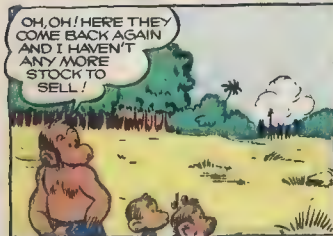
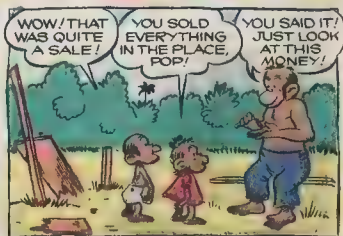
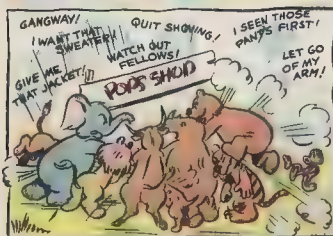
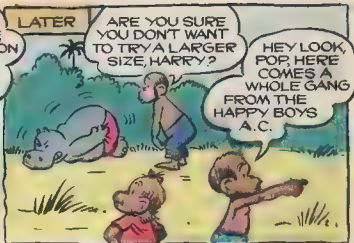
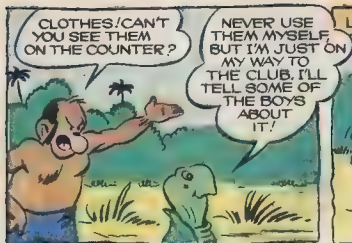


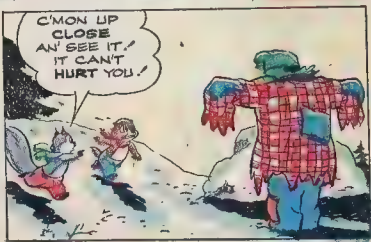
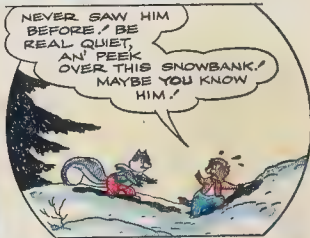
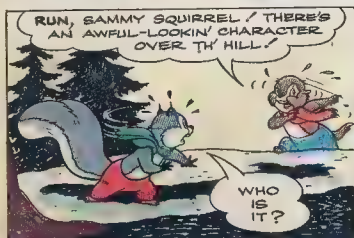
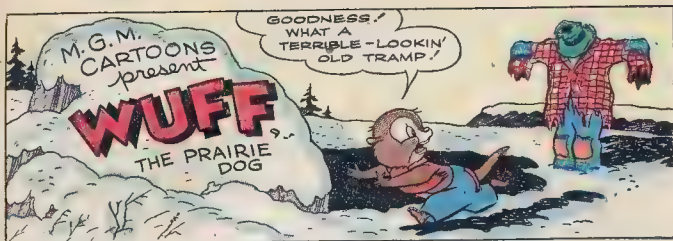


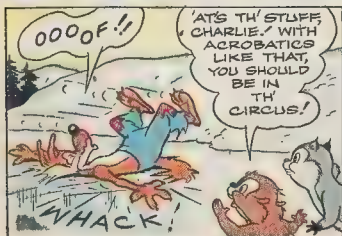
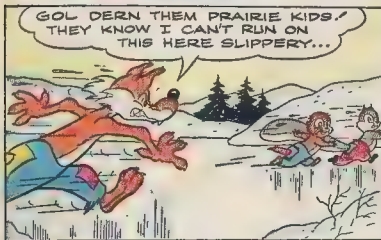
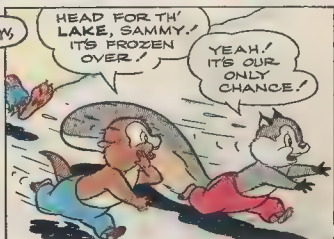
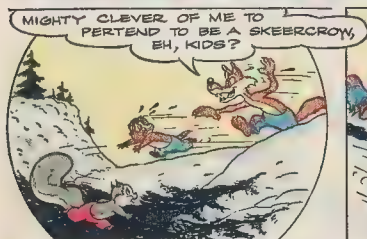
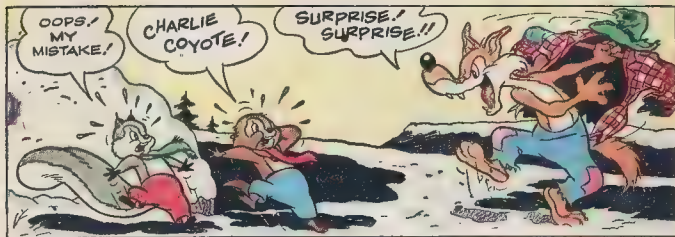


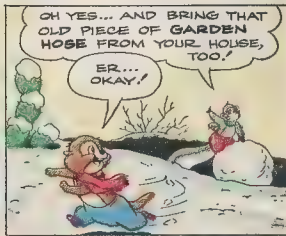
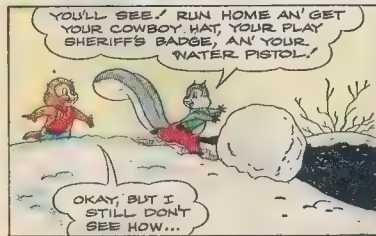
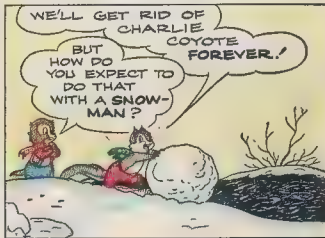
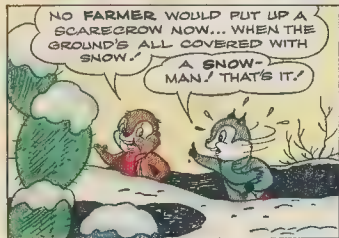
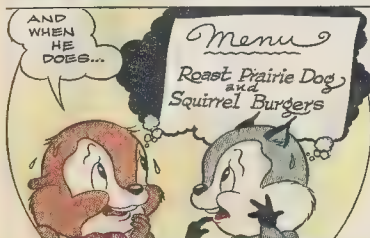
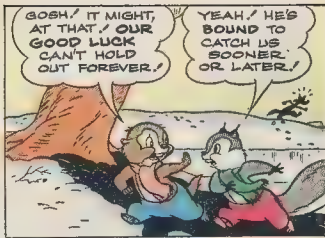
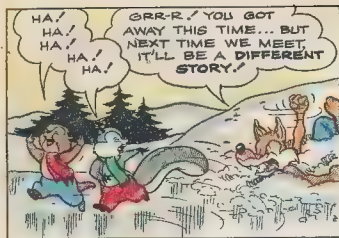


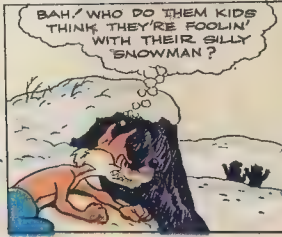
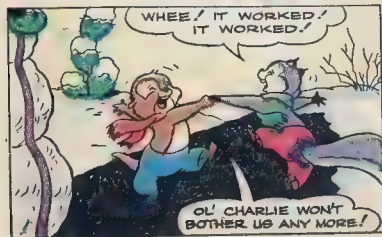
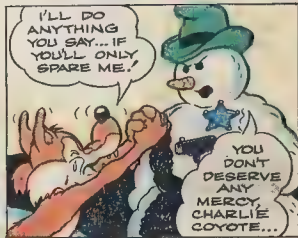
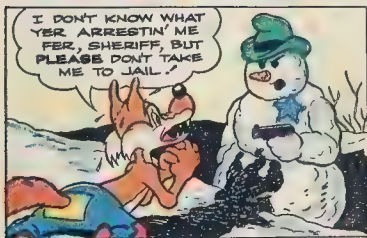
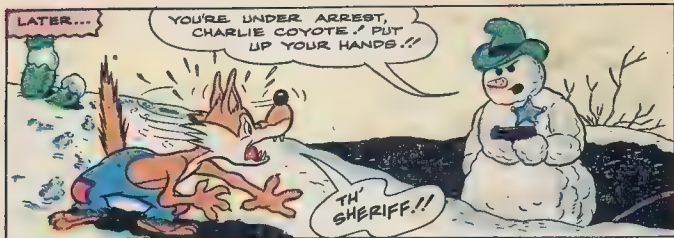


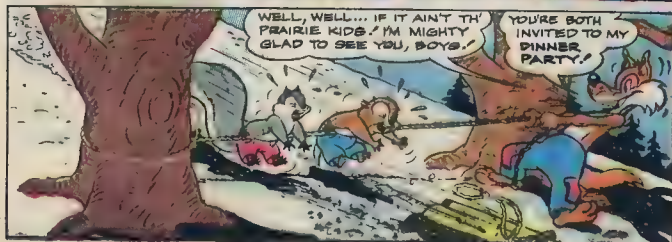
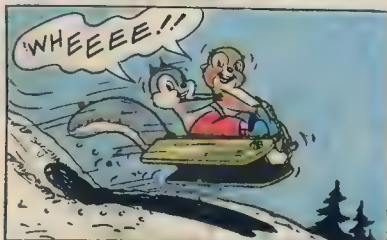
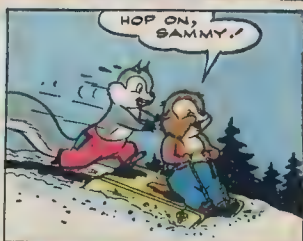
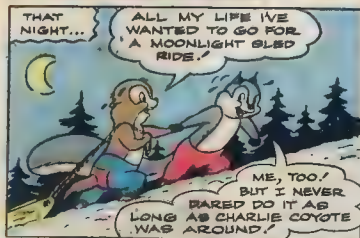
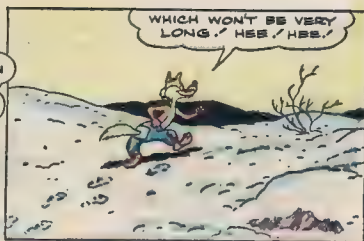
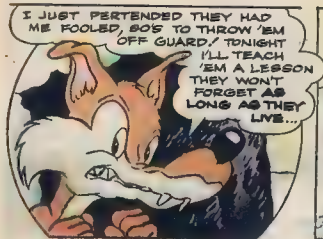


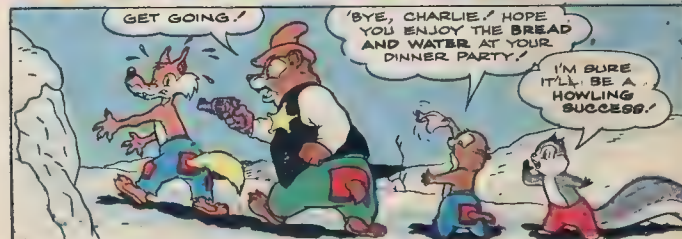
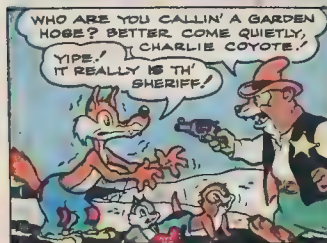
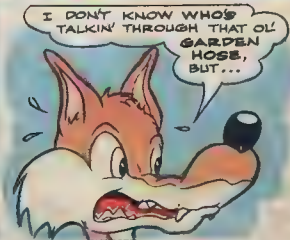
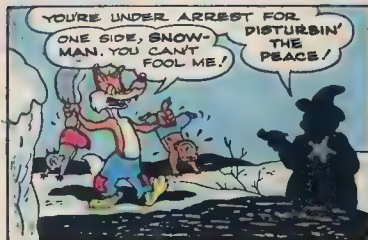
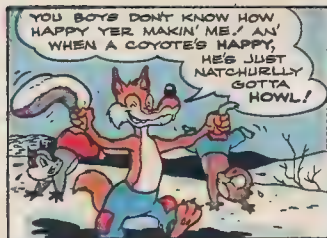






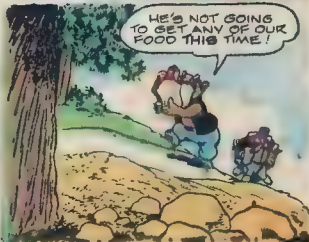
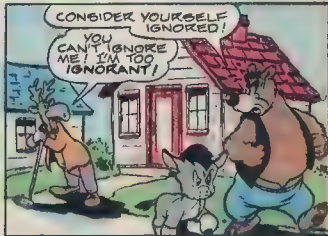
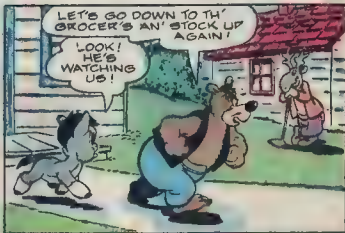


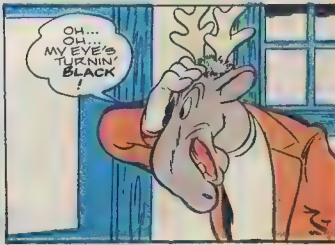
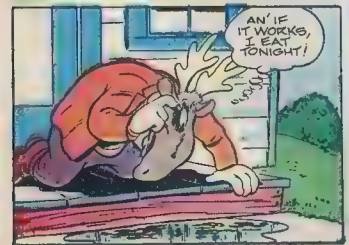
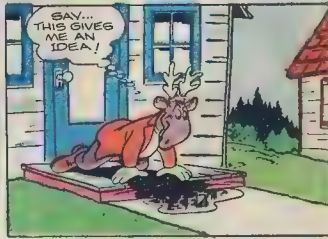
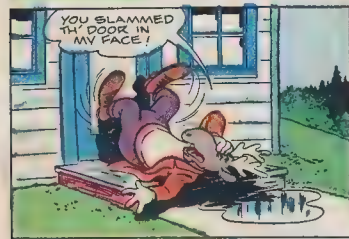
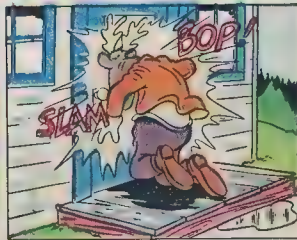
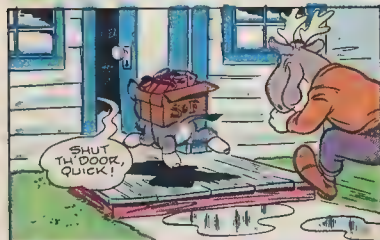
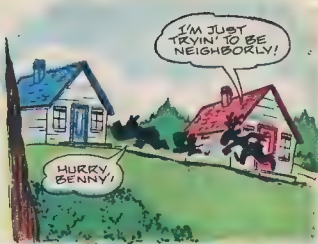
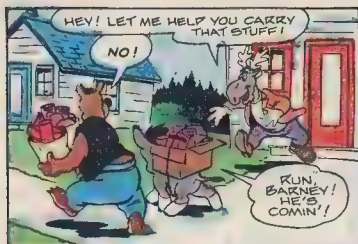


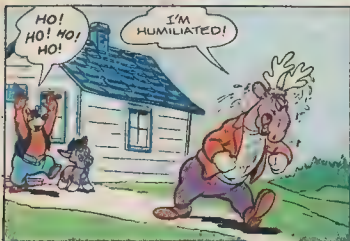
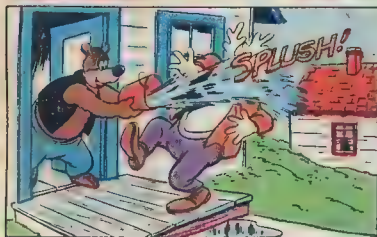
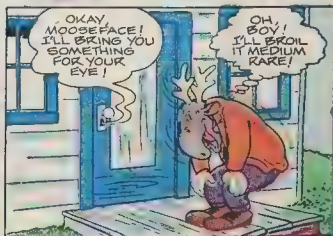
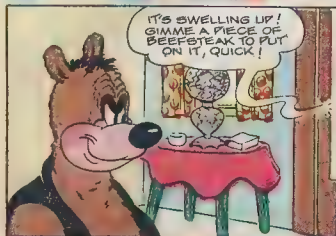
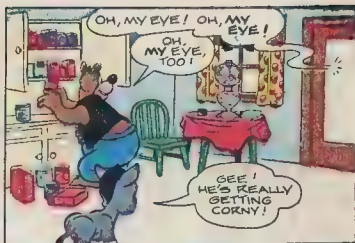
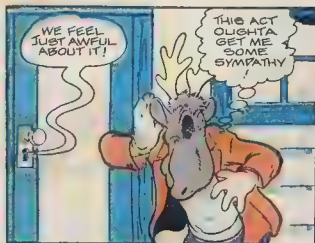


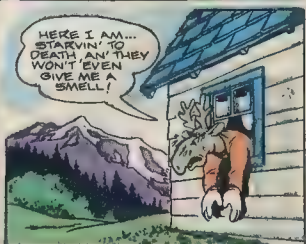
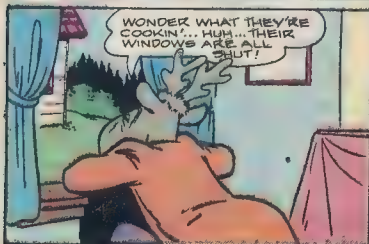
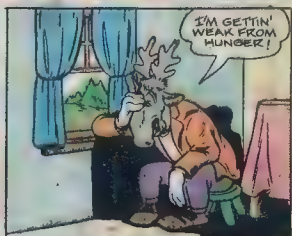
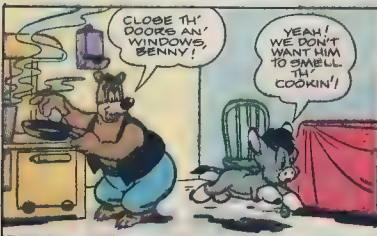
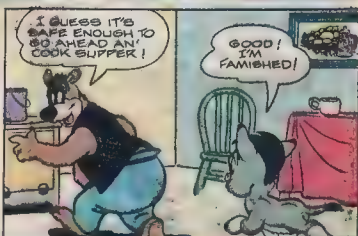
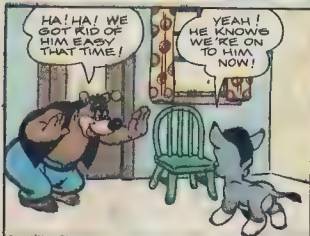
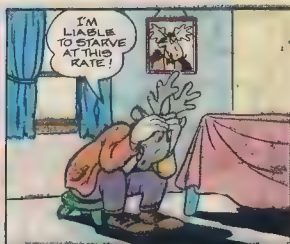
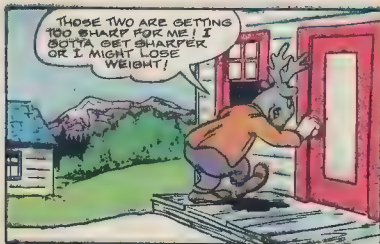
M.G.M. CARTOONS PRESENT

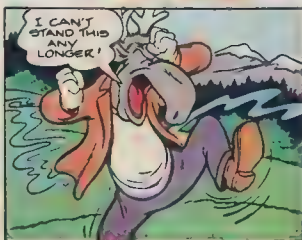
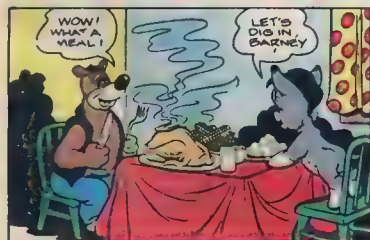
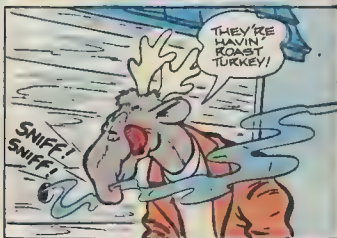
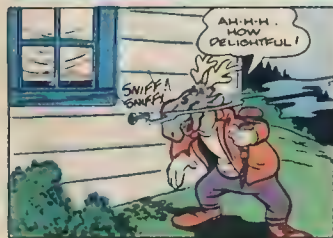
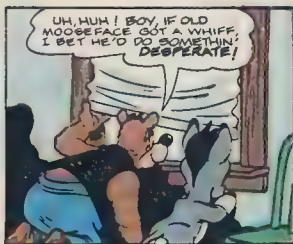
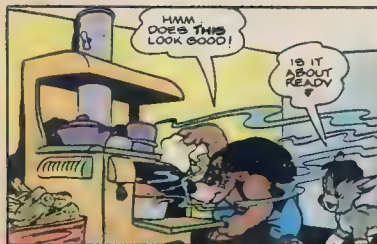
BARNEY BEAR AND BENNY BURRO

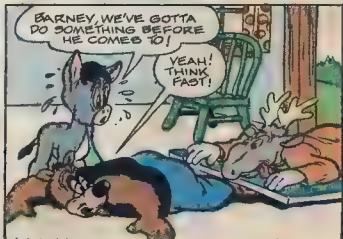
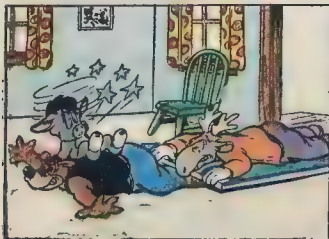
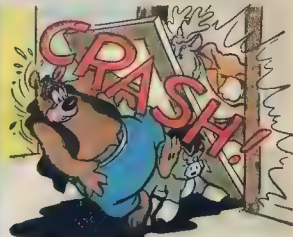
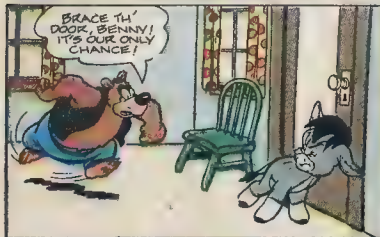
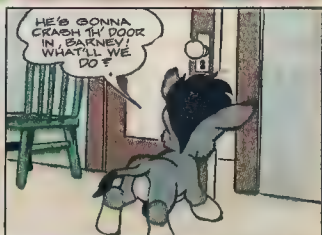
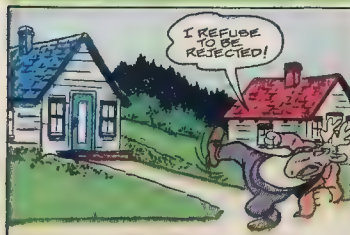
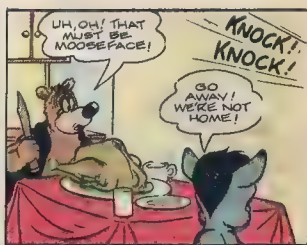
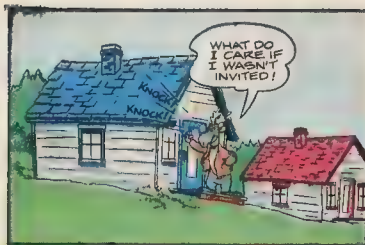


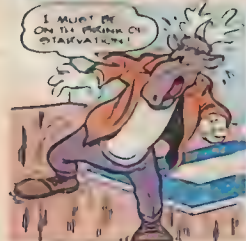
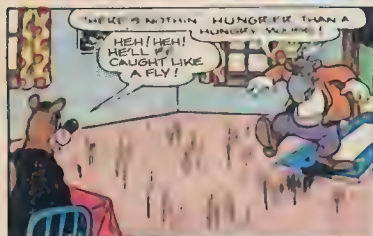
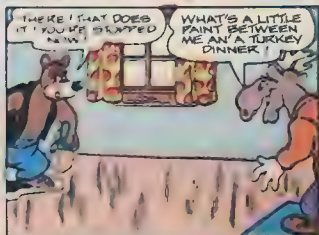


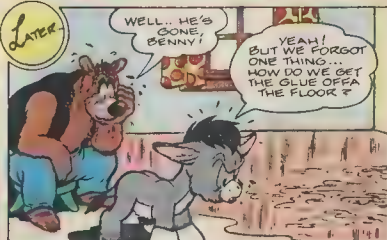
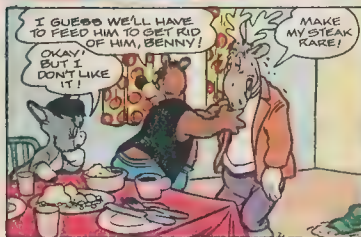
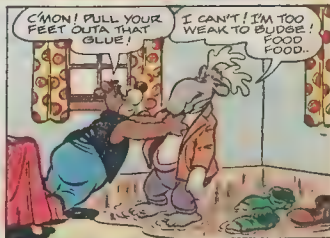
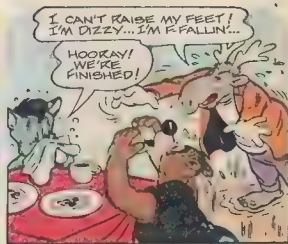
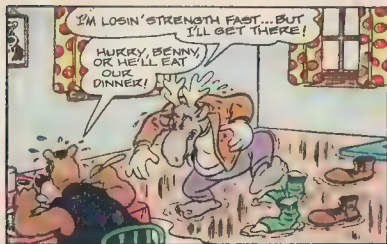












BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

fuzzy and wuzzy

GOSH, FUZZY.
I WISH WE HAD
A DOG!

YEAH,
ME TOO!

HEY!! THERE'S
OUR CHANCE!

A DOG
FREE!
(INQUIRE
WITHIN)

LET'S
GO SEE!

YOU CAN HAVE HIM. I'M MOVIN'
AN' I CAN'T TAKE HIM WITH ME!

AN' HE LIKES
US, TOO!

SPIKE

HE'S KEEN!

HERE'S THE
CERTIFICATE WHICH
MAKES YOU HIS
LEGAL OWNERS!

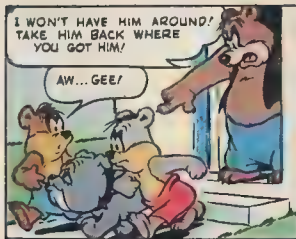
GEE!
THANKS!

UNCLE BARNEY WILL SURE BE
SURPRISED!

LOOK, UNCLE BARNEY! A
MAN GAVE HIM TO US!

AN' WE'RE HIS LEGAL
OWNERS!

LOOK AT THOSE TRACKS!
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
QUICK!



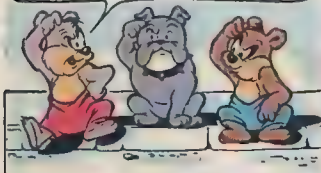
I WON'T HAVE HIM AROUND!
TAKE HIM BACK WHERE
YOU GOT HIM!

AW...GEE!



SORRY, BOYS, THE DOG BELONGS TO YOU,
AN' HE'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY NOW...
I'M LEAVIN'!

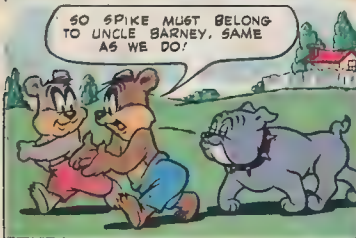
WE'RE TOO YOUNG FOR RESPONS...
RESPONS... IT'S TOO BIG
A WORD!



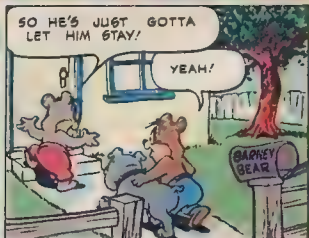
SAY! SPIKE BELONGS
TO US... AN' WE BELONG
TO UNCLE BARNEY... RIGHT?



RIGHT!



SO SPIKE MUST BELONG
TO UNCLE BARNEY, SAME
AS WE DO!



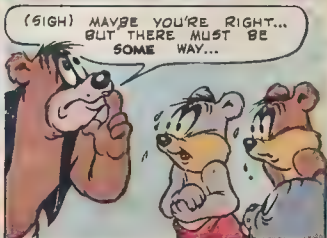
SO HE'S JUST GOTTA
LET HIM STAY!

YEAH!



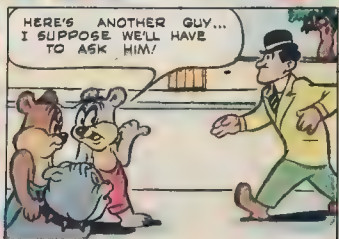
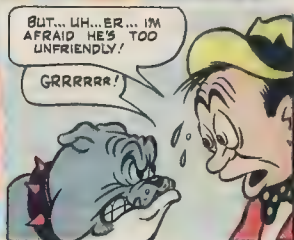
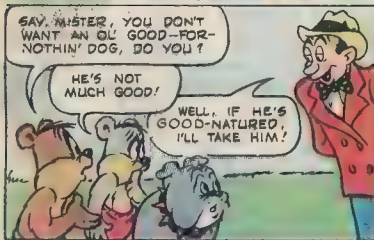
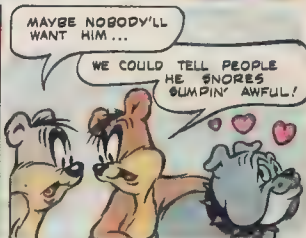
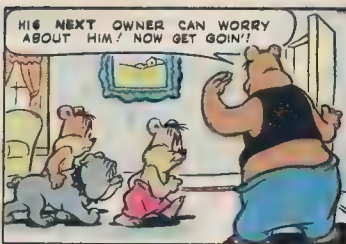
WHAT?

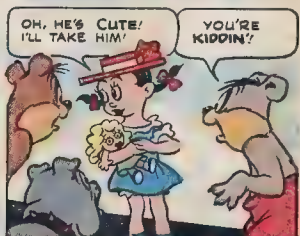
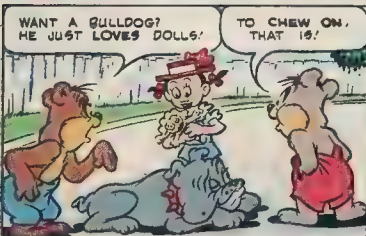
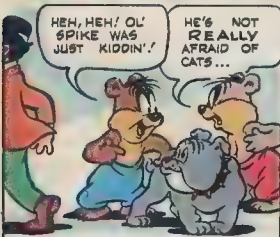
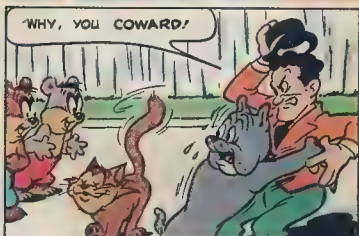
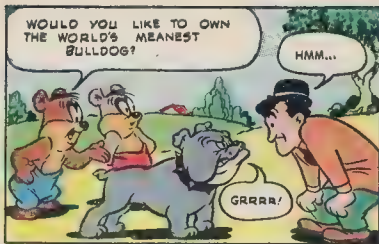
SO YOU SEE, HE'S YOUR
RESPONS... ER... YOUR
DOG, TOO!

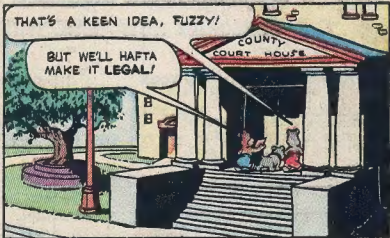
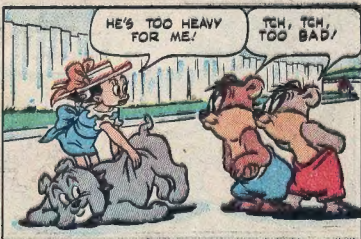
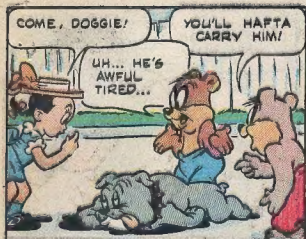


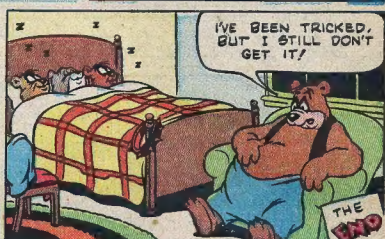
(SIGH) MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...
BUT THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY...

I KNOW... GO GIVE SPIKE
TO SOMEBODY ELSE.









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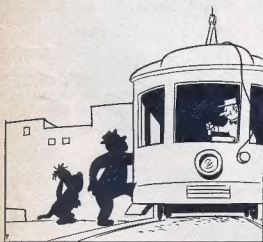
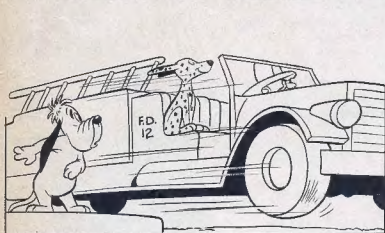
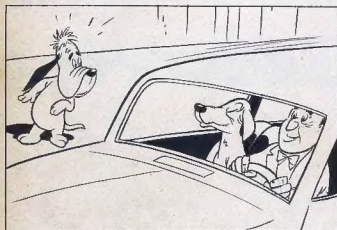
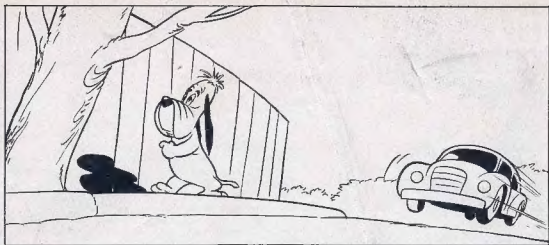
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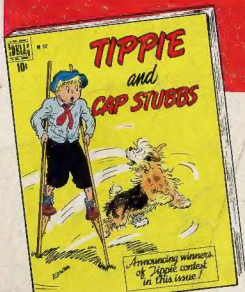
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